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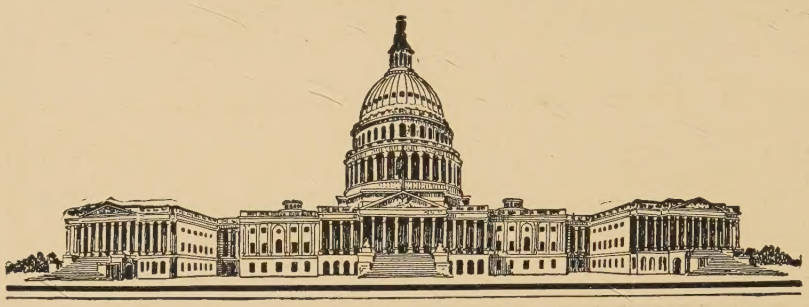
LIFE AND ART OF THE GEORGIANS — REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, ROMNEY, RAEBURN, LAWRENCE



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FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF GEORGIAN TIMES

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER: A PORTRAIT
From a painting in the National Gallery, London, by George Romney

REYNOLDS, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence—names to conjure with in the field of art. They painted the beauty and fashion and fame of the Georgian period, more than a hundred years ago, and their pictures have grown in value more than a hundredfold. The story of these painters and their work makes one of the most interesting chapters in the history of art.

In the Louvre, Paris

PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, By Thomas Lawrence

Financier, philanthropist, founder of the famous house of Lloyds—shipping underwriters—and a patron of the arts, John Julius Angerstein gave Lawrence several commissions to paint himself and family. It was the Angerstein collection of pictures that formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, London

The MENTOR

Vol. 12 No. 1 SERIAL NO. 252

FEBRUARY, 1924

GEORGIAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS

BY FRANCIS LORING PAYNE

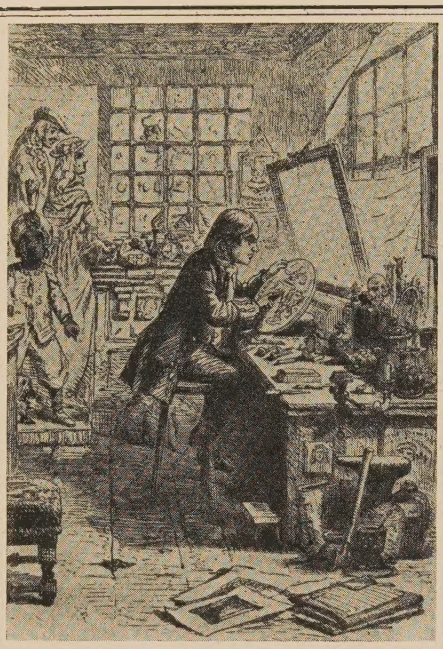
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
(1727-1788)
A national memorial to one of the most brilliant of the Georgian painters

They are called "Georgian painters" because they lived and painted during the reigns of George II and George III of England, but the master painters of that group —Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others— seem to be as much alive to-day as in their own time, and even more famous than then. As the world has grown, their fame has grown with it, until now, in all civilized countries, their names are familiar even to those that are little informed in matters of art.

Measured in terms of money, their works to-day have a value that would have seemed impossible to them. Gainsborough's least work, for which he would have thought the equivalent of $500 a good price, can hardly be touched now for less than $15,000, and his "Blue Boy" (perhaps the same picture that is mentioned as bringing $185 in 1796, eight years after his death) is to-day the highest priced painting in the world, having been bought in 1922 by a firm of art dealers for $730,000 and resold by them to Henry E. Huntington to add to the collection which had already cost him $5,000,000. To a large degree the big prices brought by the Georgian painters are due to the bidding of American collectors. In its day the "Blue Boy" was the talk of England: it has now become the talk of the world.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

The period of the first four kings named George—from 1714 to 1830—spans the rise of independent English art. This art began with Hogarth. He was best known as the satirist of his time, a man who attacked the weaknesses of fashion, of society, of the nobility, who painted cartoons of the vices of the town and, following the freedom of speech and broad manners of his day,



HOGARTH—ENGRAVER'S APPRENTICE

Fondness for ornamentation and decoration led Hogarth to apprentice himself to a silver-plate engraver, Mr. Ellis Gamble, at the sign of the "Golden Angel." The shop card that Hogarth engraved is still extant

touched on themes that came as a shock to the prudish eyes of the conventional age that followed. Hogarth threw idealism to the winds. Convention had no place in his lexicon. He depicted what he saw, coldly and dispassionately dissecting the weaknesses of a fast and depraved society. He did it relentlessly, leaving an obvious moral, and clothing vice in its true colors. Indeed, his pictures were genuine sermons, and it was just because of this pictorial ability in composition that the world for a time lost sight of Hogarth's technical ability, an ability of the highest order. For the man knew his trade well, drew superbly, and was in reality, first and foremost, a painter of great technical knowledge and skill.

Hogarth was born in London, December 10, 1697. He was early apprenticed to a silversmith; but he soon went to a school of art, studied engraving, and made a number of excellent plates. He shortly began to paint, and there came from his brush in rapid succession a long series of extraordinary social cartoons; and, because of the wonderful success of these and their continued popularity, the world was inclined to think of him, one writer has said, "as a sort of showman in paint." Engravings of his "Marriage à la Mode," "The Rake's Progress," and other series of pictures are known the world over, and brought him in a large money return during his own lifetime. It is, however, to other work than these car-

A PAGE FROM "FIVE DAYS' PEREGRINATION"

Hogarth with five friends set out on an expedition from London to Sheerness, Scotland. The incidents of the trip were illustrated by Hogarth and Samuel Scott, the landscape painter. The original manuscript volume of "Peregrination" is in the British Museum

toons that we must look for some of his splendid painter-like qualities. Such a work as his "The Shrimp Girl" distinguishes the art of the nineteenth century, while his portraits are the eloquent product of a master of his craft.

HOGARTH AND HIS DOG "TRUMP"

Painted by Hogarth and now in the National Gallery, London. In the corner of this portrait he drew a serpentine curve with the words, "The Line of Beauty." In response to the numerous inquiries caused by this, Hogarth wrote the "Analysis of Beauty"

At Hogarth's death, at the age of 67, in 1764, Joshua Reynolds, then 41 years old, led the front rank as a portrait painter; the younger Gainsborough was becoming his rival; Romney was started on his career, and the way was paved for the later Raeburn and Lawrence. At a single sale in London in 1923, fifteen paintings representing all of these except Raeburn sold for $275,000. This was but one of a series of sales to Americans that aroused an outcry in England against the dispersion of hereditary art treasures—a resentment first generally expressed in 1919 when Romney's picture of the Beckford children was sold for $260,000.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was regarded in his day as the first of portrait painters. Some feeling then arose between him and Gainsborough, and the story of their misunderstanding is a classic chapter in the biography of art.

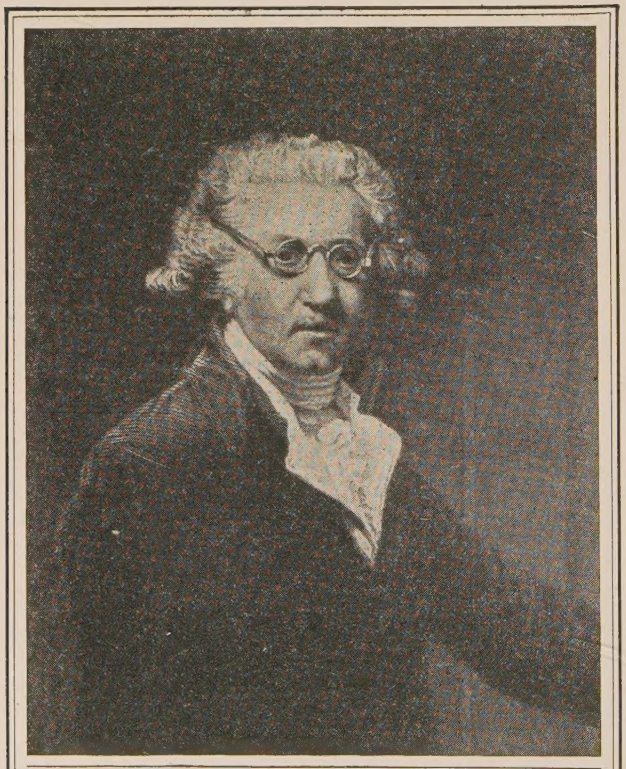
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

On his deathbed, in 1788, Gainsborough repented of the feeling and the two became reconciled. To his restored friend, Gainsborough whispered, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

Reynolds was four years Gainsborough's senior: he did not join this celestial party till 1792. In his 69 years he lived a full life, though a quiet one. No man before or since has occupied a more eminent position in London as an artist. He was the son of a clergyman, and the father's wish was that young Joshua become a physician. But at nineteen years of age Reynolds went

to London to study with Hudson, a painter remembered now chiefly because he was Reynolds' master. In good time Reynolds made the grand tour, which at that time was the obligatory final touch to the education of well-born youths. To him it was more than a holiday, for, on the continent, he devoted himself to the Italian galleries. At thirty he was established in London in a studio in St. Martin's Lane, his talent was mature, and the fashionable world was flocking to him. Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith: these were his friends. Splendid were the nights when they sat talking, for Reynolds' talent for friendship equaled his gift for painting. He was fond of women's society, and always bore himself with simple gallantry, but, while he had many notable women friends, he remained a bachelor to the end.

When the Royal Academy was founded by George III in 1768, Reynolds was the first president and was made a knight. Though nearly a quarter of a century of work lay before him, his work already formed a page of Georgian history. A skilful technician, a real colorist, a man who was successful in catching character, he left behind him a record of labor achieved, of kindly relations with his fellow artists, and a quiet dignity that raised his profession to its proper place; but more than that, in the historical sense, is the picture he has left us of his times. Court beauties, actresses, duchesses and dukes, soldiers and sailors, writers and preachers: he painted them all, and he painted them as he saw them, without affectation. When he first saw the Hon. Miss Diana Sackville, she was running across a lawn, and it was on that lawn that he insisted on painting her. That was in 1777: the portrait was done for the sitter's fiancé, Lord Crosbie, and Reynolds' fee was 78 pounds 15 shillings. The picture is known to-day as the "Lady Crosbie." Reynolds painted beauties, but he won no small esteem by his pictures of children also. Of these, one of the most celebrated canvases dates from two years before the picture of Lady Crosbie: it is the "Young Fortune Teller," a



PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(1723-1792)
One of thirty portraits the artist painted of himself

whole-length double portrait of Lord Henry Spencer and his sister, Lady Charlotte, children of the Duke of Marlborough. The little girl is posed playfully telling the fortune of her brother. This picture, for which Reynolds charged 136 pounds 10 shillings, is among the most recent to be sold, presumably to America.

REYNOLDS' LEICESTER SQUARE STUDIO

Here Reynolds established himself in 1760 when he had reached the height of his fame, and it was here that the wealth and fashion of London thronged. At about this time his sittings reached a total of six hundred and seventy-seven for one year

The same ship that brought Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"* to America brought Reynolds' "Tragic Muse," a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, done in 1783. The two pictures, formerly in Grosvenor House, had been sold together for $1,000,000, by the Duke of Westminster. A third picture in the shipment to America was Gainsborough's "Cottage Door," a work less famous than either of the others. When Reynolds painted Lady Cockburn he said, in the manner of his age, "I cannot lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment," and, though he seldom signed his works, he put his name on the gold-embroidered border of the dress.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

It was a technical controversy with Reynolds that led Gainsborough to paint the "Blue Boy." Reynolds, it is said, held that, in the masses of light in a picture, the cool colors should be subordinated: red or yellow should dominate. Gainsborough disagreed, and broke conventions by showing that blue could in truth be handled in such a large mass. After the picture's recent sale it was cleaned, and, as successive coats of varnish were removed, the blue lost the greenish hue so long familiar and showed clear.

This picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1770. It is stated that the original was Jonathan Buttall, son of a rich Soho ironmonger. Little was known of the history of the canvas till twenty years after Gains-

* The "Blue Boy" is reproduced on the cover of this number of The Mentor.

GAINSBOROUGH'S BIRTH-PLACE, SUDBURY, ENGLAND

Gainsborough's mother, who excelled in flower painting, encouraged her son in the use of the pencil. At the age of ten he had "sketched every fine tree and every picturesque cottage near Sudbury." At fourteen, having filled his copy-books with caricatures of his schoolmaster, he was allowed to go to London to develop his artistic talent

borough's death. The Farington diary, however, which of late has been much discussed, has this entry for December 15, 1796: "Buttall's sale I went to. Gainsborough's picture of a boy in a blue Vandyke dress sold for 35 guineas." The market was then flooded with imitations of Gainsborough, and even originals, for his fame declined after his death. The sale mentioned, however, was no doubt that of the original subject himself. In time the painting passed to the Prince of Wales (later George IV). It is related that the prince, who was somewhat of a rollicking fellow, said to Beau Nesbitt, a companion, "It shall be yours." Nesbitt had admired the "Blue Boy." The prince did send him the picture—and a bill for 300 pounds!

During the World War the "Blue Boy" was put for safekeeping in the National Gallery. So deeply did Englishmen regret its sale to America that when it was removed from the gallery the curator wrote "*Au revoir,*" with his initials, on the back of the stretcher.

There was no grand tour of the continent for Gainsborough in his youth, and when he first set out to conquer London he was beaten. He was well advanced in his career before he finally established himself in London, thanks to the prestige he had attained in his studio at Bath, then a resort of fashion. He was the son of a man who had been a milliner, a clothier, and a crape

maker. His talent came from his mother, who painted. Almost as soon as he could walk, the son disclosed signs of intuition in art. When he was fourteen he was sent up to London from his native Sudbury. A silversmith into whose care he had been given placed him under the instruction of an engraver named Gravelot, and the boy went to St. Martin's Lane Academy to study drawing. In time, young Gainsborough, having sold a few things to dealers at starvation prices, opened a studio and waited for patrons. They did not come. At last he returned to Sudbury, where he set up as a portrait painter and occasionally did a landscape. He had then reached the age of eighteen and was married. His wife is said to have been a daughter of the Duke of Bedford. She brought him a dowry of a thousand dollars a year.

From his native town, Gainsborough moved to Ipswich, and there found two boons: a friend and a recreation. The friend was Thicknesse, who became his chronicler, and it was Thicknesse who induced the painter to take up the violin. Gainsborough became proficient in playing, and it grew to be his avocation. Bath offered greater advantages to a portrait painter than did Ipswich, and there Gainsborough attracted the attention of the rich idlers. While Bath was his home, Gainsborough sent regularly to the Royal Academy (though he seems to have had some trouble with the Academy), and he painted many notables—Quin and Garrick, the actors, and General Honywood, whose portrait so impressed George III that he offered to buy it.

GAINSBOROUGH'S FIRST SERIOUS ATTEMPT AT LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Gainsborough's portraits have made him famous to our generation, but he always aspired to be a great landscape painter. Eighty out of a total of over three hundred of his paintings were landscapes. None of these, however, can be ranked on the same high plane as his portraits

"TOM PEARTREE'S PORTRAIT"

When a boy, Gainsborough spent most of his time drawing. One day while sketching the trees in his father's garden he included the face of a man who happened to be peering over the wall. This sketch enabled Gainsborough's father to identify the man who had been stealing pears from his orchard

Gainsborough had a name when he returned to London in 1774, and he became the vogue. Five years saw him at the height of his fame. What the British buyers wanted was portraits, not landscapes: he did both, and the landscapes were not entirely without their reward in fame as well as satisfaction. The portraits brought the wits and notables and beauties to his studio, and royalty too, till his position was so assured that when the Duchess of Devonshire was sitting to him, and he could not get the expression he desired, the story goes that he risked her displeasure by drawing a wet brush across the beautiful mouth, exclaiming, "Her Grace is too hard for me!" Later, Gainsborough made other pictures of the lady that greatly added to his prestige.

Sir William Blackstone, the authority on law; Laurence Sterne, the author; Lord Clive and Burke, the statesmen, and Sheridan, the dramatist—these were among his subjects. Of David Garrick he left five portraits, and of George III eight. Painters see in him a landscape painter of genius and a wonderful colorist. In his own day old Sir Joshua said: "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

GAINSBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER "PEGGY"

history of art, among the very first." There is a Gainsborough Day in the calendar of art: the day on which he was born in 1727 and died in 1788; this date is observed by the Royal Academy.

GEORGE ROMNEY

George Romney was another artist by the grace of God. He also was the son of a poor man, and found solace in the violin, his only recreation away from the easel. The date of his birth is 1734. He was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, from whom he learned to carve in wood, and it was not till he had come to manhood that he met an itinerant painter, whose pupil he became for two years. He had no other study. He married early—married a country girl who had nursed him through illness. The union was ill advised. Romney became a wandering painter, going about the country doing portraits at two guineas apiece. When he had saved a hundred guineas—$500, roughly, but it represented more power than that sum would to-day—he gave his family seventy of the hundred, and with the rest went to London. Before long the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney, and the latter's studio in Cavendish Square was famous.

He had the pick of distinguished sitters. Of them all, his favorite was Lady Hamilton—the lovely Emma whom Lord Nelson loved and followed: Romney was forty-eight when he met her; nine years later he wrote to a friend: "At present, and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind." He called portrait painting mere drudgery, but not when Lady Hamilton was his subject.

In the National Gallery, London

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE," By Joshua Reynolds

Everyone knows this little girl, but few know the family story connected with her picture. The child was Reynolds' grandniece, "Offy" (Theophila) Gwatkin, whose mother, Offy Palmer, sat to Reynolds for the famous "Strawberry Girl." "The Age of Innocence" was painted in 1785, four years before the artist lost his eyesight, and seven years before his death. Sir Joshua, though a rather shy bachelor, loved children, and in his latter years frequently used little folk, rich and poor, as models

GEORGE ROMNEY, 1734–1802
From a sketch made by himself

He did her again and again: one of his most celebrated canvases is a three-quarter length of her with a dog, a picture familiar through frequent reproduction.

Romney made as much as twenty thousand dollars a year when money was worth a great deal more than it is to-day, but bad health embittered him, and he fretted because he had to do portraits for money, instead of the heroic pictures on which his heart was set. In the end he became a confirmed invalid, and at last trudged back to the wife he had left when he set out to make a name for himself. He was old, sick, nearly mad, and desolate. His wife cared for him till he died in 1802—a noble action to be remembered.

Raeburn, whose work to-day shows a modern quality in arrangement and in the handling of paint, was a Scotsman. He was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, on March 4, 1756. His father was a fairly prosperous manufacturer, but the boy, left an orphan, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, who encouraged him in his taste for miniature painting and assisted him still further when he tried his hand at oils. It was at Edinburgh he worked, and there he was knighted when George IV visited Scotland. Later in his career Sir Henry Raeburn was appointed His Majesty's painter for Scotland.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN

In his twenty-second year Raeburn married a woman of property, and before long was in the full tide of success. His qualities won recognition in England as well as at home. For virility and directness, and particularly as a painter of men and elderly women, he was unsurpassed among the Georgians.

There is a collection of his work in Edinburgh, of which Robert Louis

Stevenson wrote: "The visitor beheld, looking down upon him from the walls of the room, a whole army of wise, grave, humorous, capable, or beautiful countenances, painted simply and strongly by a man of genuine instinct. . . . A whole generation of good society was resuscitated, and the Scotsman of to-day walked among the generation of Scotsmen of two generations ago. Raeburn was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their faces, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception. His portraits are not only a piece of history but a piece of biography into the bargain. The portraits are both signed and countersigned. For you have, first, the authority of the artist, whom you recognize as no mean critic of the looks and manners of men; and next you have the tacit acquiescence of the subject, who sits looking out upon you with inimitable innocence, apparently under the impression that he is in a room by himself."

HENRY RAEBURN

Painted by his father, Sir Henry Raeburn, about 1795. At this period of his career the artist frequently experimented with a peculiar light effect of which he was very fond. The boy wears a scarlet jacket, the pony (not very well drawn) is gray. Sir Henry and Lady Raeburn had two sons, Peter and Henry. Peter died in youth, but Henry, who inherited his father's property, grew to man's estate, and had three sons and five daughters

Romney had but two years' study in his art (and it was but study of a sort), but Thomas Lawrence had no more than two years' schooling of any kind. It is true, he was taught for a time by William Hoare, R. A., but the pupilage was short and Lawrence began his career by drawing heads in chalk, for which he

"A BOY AND RABBIT," By Henry Raeburn

It is not generally known that this picture is a portrait of the artist's favorite stepgrandson, Henry Raeburn Inglis, a handsome child, who was born deaf and dumb. Raeburn sent the study—perhaps the most popular of all his paintings—to the Royal Academy as his "diploma picture"

received from five to seven dollars each. When he went to London, at eighteen, his handsome face made him friends, and his charming manners made still more. The manners might not have been expected, for Lawrence was the son of a ne'er-do-well innkeeper who had gone from pillar to post. The father was more than a negative handicap: he was a drain as well, and the youth, in whom Reynolds took a lively interest, contributed to the support of his mother and his spendthrift father.

Reynolds gave Lawrence advice, and the lad went to the Royal Academy school, where he so far outstripped his fellow pupils that he did not even compete for prizes. Nature made up to Lawrence what he lacked in training and education. "From many of his canvases," writes S. L. Bensusan, "we can see the man's splendid gifts struggling for full expression. At times he seems to be a reflection of a still greater man, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But at every period of his life, Thomas Lawrence is interesting—perhaps it is permissible to say he is even lovable. One gets the impression of a strong man who has equipped himself for life's race despite disadvantages that would have crushed and quelled the spirit of a weakling, a man who makes for the most difficult goal, and reaches it in triumph.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

"It is fair to remember that much of the painter's work was done under certain disadvantages inherent in the times of his activity. With the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, costume was stiff and ugly to an extreme that excites our laughter now. The age of

artificiality was at hand and Sir Thomas Lawrence was not so well equipped for making the best of it as were Reynolds and Gainsborough, who came immediately before him. That he succeeded so often in making the personality of a sitter overcome the absurdities of dress and decoration is an eloquent tribute to his art. His treatment of children is frankly delightful but frankly derivative; it is only necessary to refer to such portraits as the 'Master Lambton,' 'Nature,' and the 'Countess Gower and Daughter' to see how great is his debt to one who was easily first among the painters of childhood—Sir Joshua himself—and how far he fell short of his teacher's greatness. But the gallery of children is a small one; the collection of representative men and women of his time is far larger, more representative." Part of Lawrence's measure of success was due to his ability to idealize and graciously flatter his subjects. "Making His Majesty look more majestic, and Her Grace more gracious" brought him the appointment of court painter at the age of twenty-three. No lovelier nor more idealistic portrait ever came from his brush than the picture of the boyish King of Rome, Napoleon's son. Lawrence was popular on the continent, and painted many famous French statesmen and generals.

Lawrence was made an associate of the Royal Academy at the express request of the king and queen, and in another two years became a full academician, a distinction never before or since accorded to one so young.

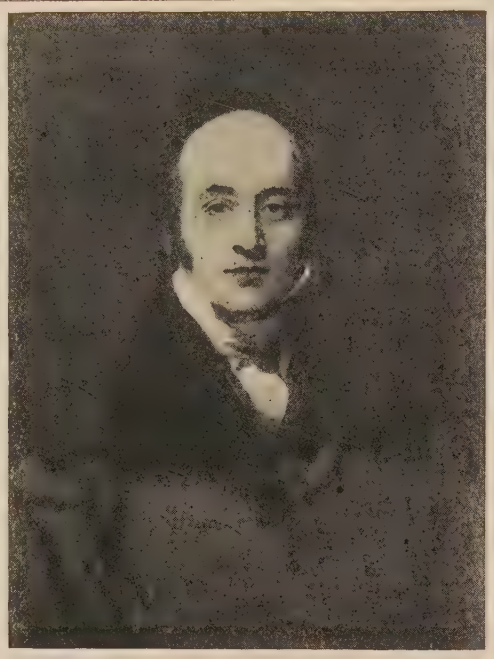
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, 1756–1823

A bas-relief portrait modeled by his own hand. In order to perfect his knowledge of anatomy, Raeburn took up the study of sculpture when residing in Italy

LADY RAEBURN

From a painting by her husband

As the Countess Leslie, a widow of means with several children, the lady used to see the young artist tramping the countryside near Edinburgh. She secured an introduction by the simple expedient of asking him to paint her portrait—an earlier picture than the one here shown. Raeburn fell in love with the gentle lady, and they married after a month's courtship. Throughout many years of wedded life their home was a haven of happiness and a center of open-hearted hospitality



SELF-PORTRAIT OF
THOMAS LAWRENCE, 1769–1830
Painted when he was president of the Royal Academy

The regent knighted him in 1815 and he was elected president of the Royal Academy in 1820 on the death of Benjamin West, the American who succeeded Sir Joshua to the presidency. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first president of the Academy after its organization in 1768. There have been less than a dozen presidents in the century and a half of the Academy's existence.

After Lawrence's death in 1830—the year in which the last of the four Georges died—his fame rapidly declined. Collectors and critics have varied widely in their estimates of him. Yet if he is not among the topmost in the group which has been discussed here, he has a firm hold on the imagination, for he is the Georgian exemplar of the beggar-boy fable—the ragged urchin who becomes one of the glittering figures of the age.

THE LONDON STUDIO OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

After Lawrence was fairly launched as a successful painter, his house in London was thronged with sitters anxious to have their portraits done. It was his custom to demand half his fee in advance. He always stood to his canvas, and rarely spoke to his sitter. It is said that he once worked thirty-seven hours at a stretch without taking a respite

MASTER PORTRAITS BY GEORGIAN PAINTERS

WITH ROMANTIC STORIES AND INTERESTING FACTS ASSOCIATED WITH THEM

Owned in America

ELIZA AND TOM LINLEY, By Thomas Gainsborough

"I have begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister," wrote Gainsborough from Bath. The canvas, here reproduced, was sold to an American collector in 1911 for $200,000. During the four years the young artist lived at the English spa, he shared the home of a composer named Linley, whose children are described as "a nest of nightingales." Mozart declared that Tom, who was drowned when very young, "would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world had he lived." Eliza Linley, nicknamed "the Saint" and "the Maid of Bath," captivated London with her singing. Among her admirers was a nineteen-year-old youth named Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was to become a famous statesman and playwright. After a secret marriage he fought two duels in defense of his wife's honor, while she was in retirement in a French nunnery. As "Mrs. Sheridan," the lady was again painted by Gainsborough. Reynolds also made a picture of her as St. Cecilia

In the Collection of Lord Rothschild

"THE MORNING WALK," By Thomas Gainsborough

Soon after his marriage, Squire Hallett, a famous sportsman in his day, brought his wife to Gainsborough's studio and asked him to commemorate their union by painting a wedding portrait. It suited the artist's fancy to show the pair taking their first promenade together, accompanied by Mrs. Hallett's favorite dog. When exhibited, the canvas was hailed as "the finest portrait group since Velasquez." The airy background of trees and fields is a picture in itself, and reminds one that Gainsborough's first success was as a landscape painter

In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM, By Thomas Gainsborough

Mary Cathcart was seventeen and newly married when Gainsborough set himself the task of perpetuating her high-bred grace. The story is told that, while she was posing, a feather fell from her headdress; picking it up, she held it in her hand. Unknown to her, Gainsborough painted it in, thus adding a graceful touch to a picture that is celebrated for the texture of its costume details. Gainsborough's fee for painting the picture was $1,000. Mrs. Graham died on shipboard, at the age of thirty-five, when returning from the south of France. Overwhelmed with grief, her husband, who afterward became a general on Wellington's staff and a peer of the realm, could never bear to look again on the portrait of his bride. The canvas was stored in London for fifty years, and was then given to the National Gallery of Scotland. Another portrait of Mrs. Graham by Gainsborough was recently found bricked up at the end of the drawing-room in the former country home of the Grahams in England. This second picture is now in the Widener Collection, Philadelphia

In the National Gallery, London

PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN, By Joshua Reynolds

The Reverend George Huddesford and John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, Esquire, sat to Reynolds for this picture in the year 1778. Huddesford, the figure in the black coat, was the son of an Oxford College president and a former pupil of Reynolds. He was also a poet in a small way. The artist indicates the aristocratic Mr. Bampfylde's taste for music by placing a violin in his hand, and shows him examining with his friend a roll of prints

Owned by the Earl of Crewe

MASTER CREWE, By Joshua Reynolds

A picture of a sturdy boy that makes instant appeal for the rollicking air of it. Reynolds put the young scion of the noble house of Crewe in the dress of Henry VIII, and posed him after Holbein's celebrated portrait of bluff King Hal which was burned with Whitehall in the eighteenth century. It stands at the head of his child portraits, perhaps because the subject is a typical English boy. Reynolds has been criticized for making his children look "more like Italian angels in modern dress" than like flesh-and-blood boys and girls

A GENTLEMAN IN A RED COAT AND FUR, By Joshua Reynolds

Gainsborough and Romney equaled the art of Reynolds in painting lovely womanhood, but none of his rivals could approach him in delineating the characteristics of his own sex. He seemed to have the faculty of seeing into the very brain and soul of men, "to realize clearly and judicially the part they were playing in life, and he strove to set it down in such a fashion that the character and capacities of the sitter should impress themselves at once upon those who saw the portrait." The identity of the "Gentleman in a Red Coat" is uncertain, but Sir Joshua has left us in no doubt as to his character and breeding

In the Wallace Collection, London

NELLY O'BRIEN, By Joshua Reynolds

A portrait well suited to the talents of the painter, and carried out "to the height of his ability." Some critics consider it the best of all his creations. Reynolds found inspiration for four pictures in the attractions of the dashing Miss O'Brien—a light-o'-love whose associates were chosen from among high society. In this universally admired version of her beauty she is wearing a "Peg Woffington hat," in vogue at the time, and a muslin dress over a quilted petticoat. In her lap she holds a white Maltese terrier. Reynolds frequently met the fascinating Nelly at the homes of his friends, as he did the oft-painted Polly Fisher. Toward women of every station he was courtly and reserved, and when he immortalized them on canvas he always made them beautiful

In the Wallace Collection, London

"PERDITA" ROBINSON, By George Romney

"Unalterable to my 'Perdita' throughout life" were the words the future George IV sent on a paper heart to the bewitching actress Mary Robinson. The prince first saw his inamorata in "The Winter's Tale" at Drury Lane Theater. They met in a moonlit park, and for two years their affair was the talk of London. Then romance waned; the royal lover abandoned the one-time idol of his heart, who through him had lost position and good name. The unfortunate girl took to writing under the pen name "Perdita," and died in middle age, poor and crippled. Daughter of an American whaling captain named Darby, she married a ne'er-do-well and, when very young, was launched upon a stage career by David Garrick. Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, vied in depicting the fascinations that in her heyday brought all England to her feet

"NATURE"—The first portrait of Emma (Lady Hamilton) made by George Romney

When she was fifteen years old, Romney first saw Emma Lyon in the scullery of an English country house where he was making the master's portrait. The child's blue eyes, red cheeks, and red-brown hair attracted him then, but it was not till two years later that he had opportunity to paint her. In her he found the ideal model. For years he posed her in every conceivable character: as Circe, as a Sister of Mercy, as St. Cecilia, as a spinner, as a bacchante, and as her own joyous self. After she left England he continued to compose pictures of his "divine lady" from memory. No woman ever had greater magnetism and natural intelligence, more luscious coloring and captivating variety of expression. The poet Goethe called her "a masterpiece by the artist Nature." She was besieged by painters at home and abroad, but none equaled Romney in representing her all-conquering charms. A decline ending in complete disability began when she came no more to pose for him

JOHN WALTER TEMPEST, By George Romney

Though Romney was at his best in his presentments of fair women, he could make delightfully natural pictures of children and young people. He could also draw horses well, as proved in this finely executed portrait of the autocratic Master Tempest and his favorite mount. Harmonious composition lends further distinction to this pleasing picture

THE MACNAB, By Henry Raeburn

Francis Macnab, a noted character of the eighteenth century, was the twelfth laird of Macnab and lieutenant colonel of the Breadalbane Fencibles. Raeburn painted the heroic Scot in the uniform of his regiment. Lawrence, Raeburn's rival, once said that this portrait was the best representation of a human being that he had ever seen. It has frequently been reproduced by engravers, and is one of the most popular of Raeburn's works

Courtesy the Owner, J. H. Harding

SIR WALTER SCOTT, By Henry Raeburn

This, the last of six portraits of Sir Walter executed by Raeburn, was begun by the artist in 1823, the final year of his life. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts purchased the picture from Raeburn's heirs. At a sale held in 1922 at Christie's, London, a firm of New York dealers secured it for a sum approximating $50,000. Later it passed into the possession of Mr. J. H. Harding, a New York banker who owns a number of art objects and treasured mementoes associated with the poet and novelist. The picture shows Scott as he appeared at the height of his capabilities, about ten years before he passed away. Lawrence and other British artists painted him, but said he to Raeburn, "I wish none but your portraits of me were in existence." Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," wrote in 1870, "I have been to Charlesfield, the residence of Sir Henry Raeburn's grandson. The house is overrun with the choicest Raeburns; among them Sir Walter Scott, for which I doubt not America would gladly give thousands"

In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

MRS. CAMPBELL OF BALLIMORE, By Henry Raeburn

An important example of Raeburn's talent for portraying elderly persons is this picture, painted when the subject was about sixty years old. The modeling of the face gives characteristic liveliness to the features. Note the gloved hand. Raeburn's hands were usually very beautifully done, but first of all he was a portrait painter, and he frequently employed devices to suppress details that might interfere with concentration of attention upon the face. The artist completed this masterly picture of Mrs. Campbell in seven hours. He used to go to his studio every morning regularly at nine o'clock and remain until five. He usually had four sitters a day, and to each one he gave about an hour and a half

MRS. HOPPNER AS "THE SALAD GIRL," By John Hoppner

Hoppner's American-born wife was the daughter of Patience Lovell Wright, the New Jersey artist who gained a considerable reputation in Revolutionary times as a modeler of wax portraits. Mrs. Wright made bas-reliefs of many American and English celebrities. Her son Howard went to the Royal Academy Art School, and there he met John Hoppner, who had been given an annuity by George III to enable him to study. It was said that the young artist was the son of the king. When Hoppner married Phoebe Wright in 1781 he lost the king's favor. Americans were not very popular in England just at that time. Hoppner was turned out of his apartments at Buckingham House and forced to establish himself without royal assistance. His wife sat to him as a bride for the fanciful portrait here reproduced, and in after years she frequently posed for her husband and for the American painter Benjamin West

MISS EMILY DE VISMES, By Henry Raeburn

In the early part of his career Raeburn specialized on portraits of middle-aged and elderly people. He had been painting a number of years before he lost a certain stiffness of technic that marred his pictures of youthful and pretty women. Seductive to a rare degree is this portrait of a young beauty who posed for the great Scotchman when his art was mature and he had become a master of color and drawing. In the portraits of this later period the squareness of the planes fall away into softer curves. Raeburn's treatment of fabrics and handling of light have undoubtedly had an influence on the work of some of our modern portraitists

In the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection

MISS FARREN, By Thomas Lawrence

A prime favorite with theatergoers in the reign of George III was a vivacious Irish girl named Elizabeth Farren. None of the charmers portrayed by the Georgian painters had a more romantic story. Her father, an apothecary and surgeon, forsook his profession to join a band of strolling actors. He married the daughter of an innkeeper in Liverpool, and when he died his widow put her two little girls on the stage to help fill an empty purse. "Betsey" Farren, a half-starved, thinly clad child, used to carry the drum of the company's band as the players tramped from town to town. She was still in her early teens when she got a Liverpool engagement, and from that time roses strewed her path. Throughout twenty years spent in the theater, her reputation remained unimpeachable, and when she married the Earl of Derby, the Queen of England herself was one of the first to offer congratulations. Lawrence painted this portrait of Miss Farren when he was barely twenty-one. Lord Derby bought it for $500, but complained of its thinness, and Miss Farren wrote asking the artist "to make it fatter and diminish the bend"

SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF SOME STOLEN MASTERPIECES

BY E. M. DOLE

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, had the faculty of focusing the interest of the public on anything she did. At her London mansion she was the center of social and political groups that swayed the kingdom. She liked hubbub and excitement. She was lively, shrewd, democratic. If she could have foreseen that nearly a century after her death she would be the most talked-of woman in the world, she would have been delighted.

Gainsborough was at the height of his powers when the auburn-haired duchess ordered a full-length portrait. He made four preliminary sketches before deciding on the pose and costume. After the picture passed into the lady's possession, about the year 1778, it was occasionally lent at exhibitions; then it dropped out of sight. In 1841 a well-to-do haberdasher saw the picture in the cottage of an old school mistress, who had cut it down to fit a space over her mantel. He bought it for $275, and thirty-five years later sold it to a well-known London firm of art dealers at a profit of $50,000.

"THE STOLEN DUCHESS"

Gainsborough's masterly painting of the Duchess of Devonshire, taken by a thief from London to America and hidden in this country twenty-five years

At this point there enters the sinister figure of Adam Worth, an American criminal, who in May, 1876, was directing from his luxurious apartments in London the operations of an international band of thieves and forgers. One of his aides had fallen into the hands of the police and was in Newgate Prison. While trying to decide what to do to get him out, Worth passed along Bond Street one afternoon and noted the line of carriages drawn up before Agnews', where the Duchess of Devonshire's picture was on view. Immediately he conceived a plot. He would steal the painting that had set London astir and hold it as hostage against the release of his confederate. The next night he climbed through a window, cut the portrait from a stretching frame, and carried it to a safe hiding place. When the robbery was discovered, the art world was thrown into convulsion. A day or so later the Messrs. Agnew received an anonymous communication stating that the picture would be surrendered if they would go bail for the prisoner in Newgate. A scrap of the canvas was enclosed in the letter. The owners were deaf to negotiations that would involve them in the doubtful proceedings proposed, and Adam Worth found the stolen masterpiece on his hands. Despite desperate efforts, Scotland Yard got no clue to the solution of the crime, and some time afterward the portrait was carried to America concealed under the false bottom of the robber's trunk. For twenty-five years the painting was sought by detective agencies all over the world while it lay concealed in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston warehouses.

In 1901 word came to Pinkerton's through Pat Sheedy, a notorious New York gambler, that the picture, whose disappearance had never ceased to be the object of discussion in art circles and in the underworld, would be surrendered upon payment of the reward of $5,000. Worth, after a life of extravagance, was penniless. The crime was outlawed. A secret message was sent to Mr. Morland Agnew, and in Chicago a few weeks later the canvas was placed in his hands. The "Stolen Duchess" was viewed by hysterical crowds when exhibited in London. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, after a few moments' examination, bought the picture for $150,000. At Mr. Morgan's death the painting came back to America

In the cathedral, Seville

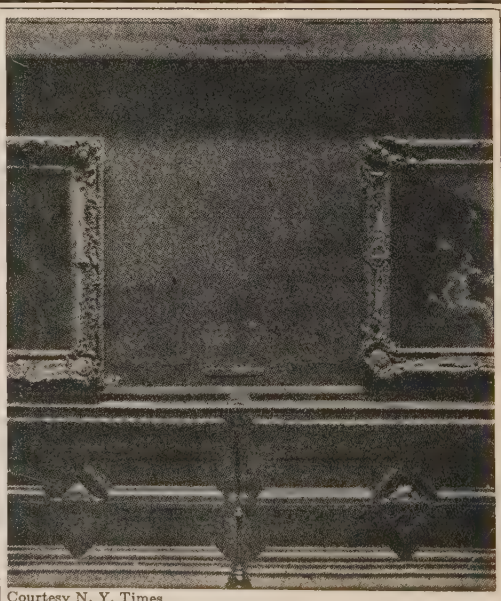
"THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY," By Murillo
The dotted line shows where the figure was cut out

and was shown for a while at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1916 it reverted to Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's daughter.

About a year and a half before the theft of the Devonshire portrait, art lovers were shocked to learn that an act of gross vandalism had been committed against a magnificent Murillo in the baptistery of St. Mary's Cathedral, Seville. "The Vision of St. Anthony," the largest canvas painted by the Spanish artist, was in his best *vaporoso* style. The Duke of Wellington so greatly admired it that he once made a proposition to buy it for $200,000. The masterpiece was done to the order of the cathedral chapter in 1656. On a November day in 1874 a sacristan drew back the protecting curtain and saw a ragged hole where the figure of St. Anthony had been. Quickly the alarm was given, but too late. Already the thief was escaping from Cadiz. The day after New Year's, a Spaniard calling himself Fernando Garcia appeared at the gallery of William Schaus, a New York dealer, and offered to sell a small newly framed painting of a kneeling saint. The nose was damaged and there was a knife cut at the side of the canvas. Mr. Schaus recognized the fragment and turned the culprit over to the Spanish consul. A great fête celebrated the rehanging of the picture in Seville. The work was so skilfully done that one unacquainted with the story would scarcely detect the place where the canvas was pieced.

From the day that Leonardo da Vinci conceived the idea of painting "Mona Lisa," the portrait of the wistful Florentine has been the cause of agitating rumors and abnormal conduct. Madonna Elisabetta Gioconda's child had died and she was still wearing mourning bands when she sat for Leonardo. He worked off and on for four years on the picture, painting it on a panel of Italian wood. The lady Lisa was a difficult subject, often lost in sad thoughts and loath to make an effort to lighten her habitual expression of melancholy. The painter became so engrossed in translating the soul of her that he refused lucrative commissions and shut himself away from friends who wished to help him and took offense at his neglect. Shortly after the picture was finished Mona (Madonna) Lisa died. Leonardo, in debt and disgrace, fled to Rome and Milan, carrying with him only his master portrait, for of other goods he had none.

When the King of France, then in northern Italy, saw the picture he offered four thousand ducats for it, or about $9,000—a record price for a work of art four centuries ago.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

THE EMPTY THRONE OF MONA LISA
For over two years the space on the wall of the Louvre between a Correggio and a Titian was vacant while search was being made for the stolen portrait

RECENTLY STOLEN FROM VERSAILLES

A priceless Gobelin tapestry picturing the entry of Louis XIV into Dunkirk. The thieves entered the grounds of the palace of Versailles through a ditch and gained access into the Mercury Gallery by a window. Aided by the light of the moon, they located two tapestries, pulled them down and rolled them into bundles, which they threw out of the window. One was cut into sections with the idea of selling the gold thread it contained. Before the thieves could carry out their plans, they were captured and the tapestries recovered. Below is shown a skilled needleworker of the Gobelin factory restoring the mutilated "Siege of Douai" to its original condition

Leonardo agreed to the terms but stipulated that he should keep the picture to enjoy as long as he lived. He died in the arms of King Francis I in 1519. The portrait, already famous throughout Europe, was taken from the dead painter's lodgings and given a place of honor in the palace of Fontainebleau, and then in the premier gallery of the world, the Louvre.

A professor of history in the Sorbonne, Paris, is authority for the statement that Mona Lisa's violent attraction for Louis XVI created a breach between him and Marie Antoinette that never healed. Her strange beauty, fading through the years, but still casting its unearthly spell, has roused men to write poems and love letters and fling them below the space she occupies in the great Square Salon. In 1908 a woman sprang at the picture with a knife, but was led away before great damage was done.

Late in August, 1911, Mona Lisa vanished from the spot so long made glorious by her presence. The frame, glass, and ebony "cradle," weighing over 200 pounds, were found on a narrow spiral stairway used by employees, but the panel had disappeared.

A deep red square showed on the faded wall like a crimson stain. When the information was published, the nation was in an uproar. Certain stories that gained credence have never been convincingly refuted. Some people believe the portrait was not actually stolen, but that it was injured, perhaps by acids, either in a photographer's studio or in the shop of the firm that had the contract for cleaning the gallery's pictures. It is a coincidence that the young man who, in December, 1913, turned up in Florence with The Smiling One apparently unharmed had been employed by this firm and was familiar with the ins and outs of the Louvre. When he was arrested after a world-wide search of over two years he told a story of having borne the picture to the stairway unaided, but this in itself seems improbable, as three men had always been needed to carry the heavy glassed-in box when the portrait had been removed on other occasions. Perugia, the self-confessed thief, said that he took the Mona Lisa to avenge the carrying-off of Italian art works by Napoleon. It is considered possible that his confession was a fabrication, that the picture was damaged in the process of restoration, and "found" in Florence with the connivance of officials that would have been held responsible for its injury. A reward totaling $48,000 was paid to the Florentine antiquary who, in the very city where the fated portrait was created, recovered it for its foster parent, France.

MRS. SIDDONS

SIX WOMEN OF GEORGIAN TIMES FAMED IN ROMANCE AND ART

BY MARIA ALLSTON

The Golden Age of Portraiture owed not a little of its radiance to the women whose charms Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and their fellow painters preserved for posterity. It was a time when to be romantic was to be in fashion. Emotions aroused by feminine attractions were freely expressed. Crowds followed a popular actress to her door; a fair face was publicly toasted by gallants in satin breeches. The names of reigning favorites were frequently entered in the engagement books of successful painters.

PEG WOFFINGTON

Mrs. Siddons, queen of tragedy, sat for both Gainsborough and Reynolds, and several portraits of her, including the one in the white headdress, were done by Lawrence as a labor of love. At one time he had expectations of becoming her son-in-law. Reynolds' portrait, called "The Tragic Muse," is now in the Huntington Gallery at San Marino, California, where it hangs near Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Born Sarah Kemble, daughter of a strolling actor, Mrs. Siddons married at eighteen a member of her father's company. In an epoch of famous actresses she became the greatest of them all. Even the actors that played with her paled at the realism of her interpretations. When she died in 1831 Lawrence was one of her pallbearers.

"I am in love with Peg Woffington," Charles Reade wrote a hundred years after the comedienne had taken her last curtain call. He made her the heroine of his play "Masks and Faces." As a child, she sold watercress and oranges on the streets of Dublin. Her smiles and graceful ways won the interest of a French woman who had a circus and trained Peg to assist in acrobatic acts. When the girl got a chance on the stage her rise was instantaneous. She had fine features and a distinction of speech and bearing hard to reconcile with her lowly birth. Hogarth made many pictures of her, but his favorite was the one with the rose in her bodice and the cap on her unpowdered hair. Reynolds represented her as Penelope, and numerous other artists tried to do justice to her face and personality. David Garrick lost his heart to her when he first saw her act, and she loved him in return. The foremost men of London made her rooms a meeting place. In and out of the theater, "Lovely Peggy"—her talent, her black eyes, her clothes, her benevolence—was the chief theme of conversation. On a night in May, 1757, she was playing Rosalind in "As You Like It" when she was stricken with paralysis. Her grave in a churchyard on the Thames is still an object of devoted pilgrimage.

Angelica Kauffman, a Swiss painter who set up a studio in London, made portraits and sentimental groups that earned her a pretty fame. Sir Joshua Reynolds sent her many patrons, and each friend sat to the other for portraits. Some chroniclers would like us to believe that the bachelor artist was in love with the attractive foreigner, but there is no dependable evidence that he was ever romantically in love with any woman. Miss Angelica was a sad coquette, and was the heroine of many adventures. She was verging on thirty when she married a man calling himself a count, whom too late she discovered to be only a count's valet. Pictures by Angelica Kauffman hang in prominent galleries. She was the only woman whose name merits inclusion in the Georgian group.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN

To Angelica Kauffman, as to Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence,

the French artist Vigée LeBrun, and ardent lesser lights, the matchless model, Emma Lyon, posed for her picture several years before she became the wife of Sir William Hamilton. Never was a beauty so often painted. Her extraordinary coloring was inherited from her father, a well-to-do English gentleman named Henry Cadogan. Against his family's wish he married the daughter of a laborer. He changed his name to Lyon and bought a forge in the village of his wife's people. Emma was born a short time before her father's death. Following the period when she lived in London under the protection of Sir Charles Greville, and was the inspiration of the painter Romney for scores of portraits and fancy pictures, Emma improved her social position by marrying the English ambassador to the Court of Naples. In Italy, as in her own country, Lady Hamilton was sung, painted, petted, and adored. Her conquest of Lord Nelson is one of the world's love epics. It was Emma with her high spirits and intense patriotism that roused England's hero from retirement and sent him to a victorious death in the Battle of Trafalgar. Nelson fell with an entreaty on his lips that his country should protect her—an entreaty that went unheeded. Years later, when the sun of the enchantress had set, she died an outcast in a foreign land. But her peerless beauty lives on through the art of the eighteenth century.

LADY HAMILTON

In the Georgian gallery at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, there hangs a portrait by Romney that recalls the romance of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, and his morganatic wife, the good and gentle-mannered Maria Anne Fitzherbert. For reasons of state the marriage was denied in Parliament, but a decorous establishment was maintained by the pair for over a decade. The lady was often addressed by her neighbors as "Mrs. Prince." A legal union with a German princess was forced upon the future monarch, but ended in divorce before he was crowned. Alone on his throne he ruled nine years. Mrs. Fitzherbert survived him. She and the king's executor, the Duke of Wellington, found among his personal papers every letter that his well-loved Maria had written him during the years of their happy union.

MRS. FITZHERBERT

LADY BLESSINGTON

The celebrated Wallace Collection in London is a pictorial chronicle of "an age of folly and of heroism" unequaled in British history. On the back of many a canvas a romance might be inscribed. In praise of Lawrence's familiar portrait of the Countess of Blessington, Lord Byron wrote a poem. Margaret Power was given in marriage at fifteen to a dissolute army captain, but while still in her twenties the dark-eyed Irish girl found herself a widow and free to marry the rich and vastly extravagant Earl of Blessington. Lady Blessington entertained in her splendid home all the great folk of the capital, and she was especially the patroness of writers, actors, and artists. The Count D'Orsay, "last of the dandies," became enamored of her, but marriage was impossible for them even after the demise of the earl, since D'Orsay, hard pressed for money, had taken to wife the nobleman's daughter by a former wife. However, in that easy-going age matters were easily adjusted between the count and his bride, and in 1829 the marriage was dissolved. The French gallant made his home under the hospitable roof of the countess in Kensington, London. Aside from setting the fashions and dictating the conduct of high society after the manner of the beau ideals Nash and Brummell, D'Orsay was a painter and sculptor of ability. Lady Blessington wrote a number of novels, and a book called "Conversations with Lord Byron." Debt overtook the pair; the magnificence of Gore House crumbled about them. They fled to Paris, and there, in 1852, the Countess of Blessington's amazing story came to an end.

MORLAND COMES INTO HIS OWN

BY MARY SIEGRIST

George Morland is coming more and more into his own with the passing of the years. The genius of the man—the inner self of him—is brilliantly defined against the centuries. To-day, in the strength and delicacy of his art—which was the true record of himself—we find the real George Morland. Scoffed at by his contemporaries, neglected for a hundred years, he is now given a place among the best portrayers of folk and animal life. Few English painters have equaled him in this branch of art; only the Dutch artists, whose style he admired and followed, can be compared with him.

Morland's boyhood was a long imprisonment. He was born in London in 1763, the son of Henry Morland, who was a painter and engraver, and kept a picture store. His father gave him his first artistic training. He was not permitted to study at the Academy nor even allowed to play with other children. All day long he was closely confined either in his father's studio or in an upper room of the house, where he was made to copy Flemish and Dutch pictures and plaster casts. He grew up shy, awkward, and unhappy, always looking forward to the time when he could go on ways of freedom.

His genius was apparent from the beginning. When he was three years old he made remarkable sketches. At ten he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and at seventeen he had acquired a reputation as an expert copyist of Dutch and Flemish masters. One of his favorite amusements was to draw objects on the floor so startlingly natural that those around him would stoop to pick them up. Once he drew a beetle on the hearth, which his father tried to crush with his foot.

When Morland was nineteen he managed to get away from his prison home. In the violence of reaction he drove hard into a life of dissipation. And yet he was industrious, supporting himself by the sale of his pictures and painting with marvelous rapidity and sureness. His life, tragically brief (he died at forty-one), was a series of vicissitudes and changing fortunes, but full also of work-crowded days, and amazingly productive. Altogether he painted four thousand pictures, hundreds of which have been engraved or etched. That his genius was fully if slowly recognized is shown by the fact that no painter who ever lived has been so often copied as he.

His subjects were scenes in humble life in town and country—cottages, stables, innyards, pastoral scenes and domestic ones. But not only was he a "painter of pigs and ponies"—especially pigs—he was also an accomplished landscapist, a master of the mysteries of light, a sympathetic artist to whose generous, impetuous spirit none of the tender sentiments of home were unfamiliar. In all his work there is the penetration and simplicity that belong to the finest spiritual endowment. No artist has painted animals or rural life with more affectionate knowledge. His pictures are distinguished for the excellence of their drawing, the purity and sincerity of their style. "In all the range of British art," writes Henley, "there are few things better than a good Morland."

Morland's honest nature instinctively shrank from snobs and from narrow-minded mediocrities. The gentle-hearted genius was

In the Louvre

"THE HALT"

happiest when he was with simple folk. He could see the good in derelicts. He himself consorted with hostlers, pawnbrokers, and keepers of low inns. It was his "Interior of a Stable," now in the National Gallery, London, that laid the foundation of his popularity. Frequently he dashed off a picture a day, and it is said that he once did a landscape with six figures in six hours. When he had money he spent it wantonly, and rarely had funds to meet his bills. When pressed for payment he would hand out a picture worth many times the amount of his indebtedness at store or tavern.

During the time that Morland lived on a farm in Leicestershire he indulged to the full his delight in animal life. Often he could be found seated on the floor of a barn surrounded by a dozen children and a score of dumb creatures. One day he was trying to sketch on a piece of rough cardboard. Chickens, pigeons, and ducks were close about him, he was fondling two rabbits, a guinea pig, and some new-born puppies. A colt had hold of his hat and a calf was nibbling at his foot. As he sat there in intimate companionship with these friends, he made a picture such as he himself would have delighted to paint.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

"VALENTINE'S DAY"

Morland's detachment and lively sense of humor were a part of his interior greatness. He could see the irony of his own way of life. Near the close of his years he made a sketch of a tombstone bearing the epitaph, "Here lies a drunken dog." He was imprisoned for debt for three years, and not long afterward he died in a sponging house in Holborn. He had been hiding for weary months from his creditors. As a result of his misfortunes and excesses he suffered intensely, and yet he seemed incapable of mending his ways. Yet the sordid facts of his tragic passing are as nothing when compared with the sheer triumph of his genius, and are in a sense irrelevant as marking the true spiritual biography of this man. To dwell upon his extravagances, follies, and misdeeds seems an impertinence. What concerns us is that he brought his genius through, and that, child of the divine fire, he has left the world imcomparably richer for his heritage of beauty.

On the walls of the National Gallery, London, there are eight paintings by Morland, including his famous "Fortune Teller." The South Kensington Museum possesses ten of his paintings. "The Halt" is in the Louvre. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Historical Society, the New York Public Library, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, all have good examples of the work of this eighteenth-century master. The best of his pictures were executed between the years 1790 and 1794. In the works of this period his coloring is mellow and the drawing faultless. His compositions are never crowded, and the figures in them are so well grouped as to draw the eye to the vital elements of the scene.

Morland married when he was a young man a charming, virtuous woman, who clung faithfully to her husband throughout his career, despite flagrant errors in his ways of living.

In the National Gallery, Edinburgh

PORTRAIT OF SARAH MALCOLM, MURDERESS

Painted by Hogarth two days before she was hung

"THE busy, brutal, bewildering eighteenth century" produced no more extraordinary figure than William Hogarth. To say that he painted well is to name only one of his talents. He drew, he engraved, he caricatured—but he had special genius for interpreting the seamy side of life, and often went into ugly by-ways to get the subjects he painted or engraved.

One of his hobbies was the study of the criminal mind. More than once he persuaded notorious offenders to sit for their portraits. This amazingly active and ingenious artist took his painting kit direct to the cell of Sarah Malcolm, sentenced to death for a triple murder, and there began a portrait of her shortly before her execution on the gallows. All England gossiped of the venal crime that put her behind the bars at Newgate. Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, an elderly woman of means living in apartments in the Inner Temple, her companion, and her maid were all three found strangled on a Sunday night in February, 1733, under circumstances that cast suspicion on Sarah the charwoman. That same night Mrs. Malcolm was seized and accused of robbery and murder. When, on the fifth of March, the prisoner was told that an artist was coming to make sketches of her, she put on a fresh cap and a bright-colored dress to receive her visitor.

Two days later, when she was driven to the place of execution, she wore a new black dress and a knitted hood, and her lips and cheeks were carefully rouged.

Hogarth, quite fascinated by the shameless bearing of the condemned, made two paintings of her. Horace Walpole paid him twenty-five dollars for the portrait reproduced on this page.

MILLET'S COTTAGE A SHRINE *of* ART

BY M. B. LEVICK

In June of 1849 a slow-moving, bearded man of thirty-five strolled up the long street of cottages which forms the hamlet of Barbizon, near Fontainebleau, France. At the top of the village he stopped before a three-room cottage. The gossips watched suspiciously: this man came from Paris, thirty miles away, and there was barricade fighting and turmoil then in Paris. Within a day or two he appeared again among them, this time as tenant of the cottage, and the folk of Barbizon accepted him as one of themselves, for now he wore a blouse and was shod in the wooden sabots of the peasant. He was a painter, it was said, but he wore the loose clothes as if he had never known any others, and his talk showed that he knew the ways of peasants from experience.

In that little house, which in time was enlarged bit by bit as his family grew, Jean François Millet lived simply, like the peasant he was, until his death twenty-six years later. There, ten years after he settled in Barbizon, he painted "The Angelus," which, though scorned at first, became the most popular picture of the nineteenth century.

A SELF-PORTRAIT OF JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

Starting his career as a poor farm boy, without money or influential friends to promote his cause, Millet held to his ideals, though often beset by poverty and discouragement, and at times by thoughts of suicide. When he died in 1875 he did not dream that some day half a dozen of his works would hang in the Louvre, greatest art gallery in the world, and pilgrims would come from afar to offer homage to his genius in the little house he occupied at Barbizon

To-day his cottage, after having been turned to ordinary uses for years, is a memorial to Millet. Through the devotion of a follower of "the great rustic" his home has been purchased as a museum and restored to the condition in which it was when Millet died in 1875. Though this museum has been open only since 1922, each day visitors come to see its mementoes, and recognition of it by the French Government is not improbable.

Such a memorial to Millet, in the little house at Barbizon, was the dream of André Douhin, who is termed the last of the Barbizon school of painters. His determination overcame great difficulties before at last he gathered a collection of prints, casts, sketches, autograph letters, furniture, and painting equipment and restored it all to the Millet cottage. Once again the cottage has the big window that Millet installed; once more there is a gap of a few bricks in the garden wall, like the hole Millet himself made that he might watch the setting sun from his armchair.

In Millet's time the building belonged to a friend. Millet's widow was left with few resources beyond a small pension, but for thirteen years she kept the cottage intact. In 1888 she was forced to leave it. Its doors were closed to the public. Worshipers of Millet sought in vain for a glimpse of his home, and even those who peered through cracks in the wall had no reward, for all within was altered.

When Millet died, the cottage was filled with his work, including many partly finished canvases. He was a slow worker: he created his pictures with the patience of a peasant tilling the soil, and he would make sketch after sketch and return again and again to his subject till he was satisfied. In thirty-one years he produced eighty pictures. Fifty-six incomplete canvases and designs from his

Photograph by Bodmer

THE MAIN STREET OF BARBIZON

Showing Millet's home at the curve of the road

studio were sold after his death for 321,034 francs, then nearly $65,000.

"The Angelus," finished in 1859, was declined by the patron for whom it was intended, and Millet sold it to another for 2,000 francs. In his own lifetime it sold for 50,000 francs, and fifteen years after his death it brought 750,000 francs. Others of Millet's paintings form equally striking examples of increase in value with the passing of time.

The story is told that a friend found Millet and his wife in the winter of 1848 without a fire; for two days they had had no food. It was at this period that he sold six drawings for a pair of shoes. They were then living in Paris. After he had chosen the type of painting that was to make him famous, "A peasant I was born," he said, "and a peasant I will die; I'll say what I feel." When he got the weight and pull of a wheelbarrow in a picture it was because he himself knew how heavy a wheelbarrow could be.

Theodore Rousseau was already living at Barbizon when Millet moved there, and his house and Millet's were the rendezvous for the other big men of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau school — Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Dupré, Jacque, Troyon. They painted in the woods and on the plain toward Chailly, where Millet is buried. In his discussion with them Millet would utter views on art which were recorded in his letters to others. "The human side of art," he said, "is what touches me most; the gay side never shows itself to me."

Not until 1867 was Millet in easy circumstances; then he was given a first-class medal at the Paris Universal Exhibition and the Legion of Honor. He had already painted "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Man With the Hoe," "Woman Shearing Sheep," and "Shepherdess and Flock."

Honors came to him in his last days. He cared nothing for them. He was worn from the years of privation, but he continued to plow his furrow. Only once did he leave Barbizon—that was in 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War forced him out. He went to his native region in the north and at Cherbourg painted by the sea for a few months. Then he returned to the cottage which had grown large through additions for his many children. There, in the studio like a barn, he worked almost till the last. Now again it is dedicated to him, and many come to do it honor.

Photograph by Bodmer

THE STUDIO AT BARBIZON

Where Millet painted "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," "Man With the Hoe," "Gréville Church," and other pictures that brought him world-wide fame

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RUTH WOOD THOMPSON, *Assistant Editor*

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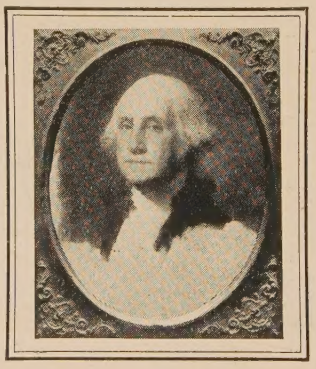
THE OPEN LETTER

WASHINGTON'S birthday, near at hand, makes this an appropriate time to answer the following inquiry:

Can you tell me where to find a pair of portraits of the father and mother of our country? I want the pictures for framing in the door of a large Colonial clock. Strange as it may seem, good portraits of Martha Washington are difficult to find. I am bringing my problem to you, trusting that you can help me.



The best pictures for your purpose are the Boston Athenæum portraits of George and Martha Washington, reproduced on this page. They are the best because they are not only beautiful examples of the art of Gilbert Stuart—the painter laureate of Washington—but they are authentic and faithful likenesses, both portraits having been painted from life. Stuart painted many portraits of Washington, but only three from life. The first dissatisfied him and was destroyed; the second, known as the Lansdowne portrait, is in England. The third, painted at Martha Washington's request, in 1796, came nearest to Stuart's conception of his subject, and he delayed finishing it so that he might not have to part with it. After his death this picture and the portrait of Martha Washington, also unfinished, came into the possession of the Boston Athenæum, and now hang in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. You may obtain reproductions by applying to the museum.

The competition in the Prize Picture Questionnaire closed on December 1st. The answers have been most interesting.

It is apparent that art galleries, art stores, and art books have been industriously consulted. As far as the titles of the pictures are concerned, the replies of competitors are in most cases correct. Our readers evidently know the names of these pictures. Replies vary considerably, however, in the statements concerning the location of the originals of the pictures and their stories. It is upon the statement of these details, and the form and style of expression, that the selection of the prize winners has been based. The names of the winners will be published in the March number of The Mentor, with reproductions of the pictures and brief answers to each question. The most gratifying feature of the competition has been the cordial and enthusiastic spirit of appreciation voiced in the messages that have come to us with the answers. In the minds of many the prospect of winning a prize has been only a part of the interest of the competition. The pleasure and profit gained in working out the answers has counted in the minds of a great number of the competitors.

It is plain that many of our readers like The Mentor questionnaires. We shall have some more of them.

W. D. Moffat
Editor

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